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SKETCH OF MADAME MARA.

(Translated from the German.)

GERTRUDE ELIZABETH SCHMALING, afterwards Madame Mara, was born at Cassel, in the year 1749. Her early childhood was exceedingly confined and wretched. Her mother had died soon after her birth. Brothers or sisters she had none. The father, a poor town musician, could not pay a nurse, and had to spend the chief part of the day away from home in giving lessons. Then he would set the weakly child upon a little arm-chair, with a cramp in front to hold it up; and so left it alone, with closed doors, to itself and its own irksomeness. The child grew ricketty; but there was nothing to be done for it.

In this way Gertrude got to be four years old. The father procured a little extra occupation in the repairing of musical instruments. One day, being called away to give a lesson, he had left lying there a violin, upon which he had been at work. The little girl, tortured with *ennui*, tried to reach it. She succeeded; Gertrude brought out tones; she had found a pastime. The father caught her at it; she was punished; but the enjoyment had proved too sweet, and the fiddle was taken up repeatedly. In a little while the father again surprised her; and then with astonishment he heard that she produced the tones of the scale, all purely intonated and correct. Now he gave her a little instruction, and it soon went so far that she played little duets with him. The wonder spread abroad. Many persons wished to convince themselves of its reality; so the father carried the child, who, owing to that sickness, could not walk, into the houses of the music lovers and played the duets with her. There was no mistaking the extraordinary talent; some benevolent persons took compassion on the child and offered their support; one, whose business called him to the fair at Frankfort-on-the-Main, took father and daughter with him. Here they let themselves be heard in little circles; they excited astonishment and found reward; and some kind families subscribed enough to support the father and procure better instruction for the daughter. She made most rapid progress: her health, too, was improved, so that the father, after a residence of nearly two years, resolved to travel further.

Gertrude had come to Frankfort in her sixth year; in her ninth she gave a public concert in Vienna. Here the English minister advised the father to go with her to London; and upon the ready compliance of the latter, who had heard somewhat of English guineas, he furnished him with recommendations. Gertrude was in her tenth year, when they came to London. She played in the houses to which she had been commended, exciting great attention, so that there was even talk of her at court, and she was presented to the queen. She played in the royal Chamber Concerts; her virtuosity, which, if not brilliant in itself, was striking for a child so young, attracted; but the violent exercise of her body, small even for her age, in managing her instrument, excited partly laughter, and partly pity or aversion. An artist surely she is bound to be, they said to the father; but not to remain a violin player. What then? "Does she not sing?" That she had long done, and with a pleasing voice, but without any teaching, and even without any pieces for the voice; she had sung her violin solos, as far and as well as that was practicable. But now good songs were given her; she went through with them and delivered them not only with distinguished voice, but also not without some understanding and

feeling of what she was singing. Several persons of rank assisted the father, under the condition that he would let her receive thorough instruction in singing. The father took her to a celebrated Italian singing-master, Paradisi; who benefitted her decidedly by systematic development of her tones, solfeggio practice, etc. After a while certain bad habits manifested themselves in the teacher, which induced the father to take the little girl away from him; and so she was again left to herself and her own industry. Finally, the queen desired once more to hear her. But where the child had produced excitement, where its helplessness and its droll ways had made people laugh, the performances of one just entering into maidenhood simply pleased, but were received quite calmly; and so her appearance at court, as in other distinguished circles, had no great influence upon her future.

So much, not more, and scarcely that, could Gertrude recall afterwards of this chapter of her life, down to her sixteenth year. And very naturally! Travelling, fiddling, and after that, singing, was about all of life that really interested her: how could she have cared enough about anything else, to have it remain in her memory? And now that she excited no more curiosity in London, now that the guineas ceased to flow in, the father returned with her to Germany, and at once to her native city. He hoped to see her presented at court. But the landgrave would only hear Italians. The public met her with attention and with sympathy; but that could not ensure her a subsistence, especially as the seven years' war, just then concluded, had exhausted the resources of the place.

The father now turned to Hiller, at Leipsic, who had established a series of winter concerts, over which he presided as director. Gertrude's father begged him, if she went there, to help to make her known and to procure her the opportunity of being heard in public. Hiller, always reasonable and obliging, allowed both father and daughter to come, and at the Easter fair in 1766 they met. Hiller heard, examined, heard again: the remarkable talent was gladly recognized by him, nor was he slow to perceive the unpropitious situation of the daughter dependent on a father, honourable indeed, but narrow-minded and morose. He took counsel for both. First he introduced the singer before the friends of his house and of music, and then before the public at large: she met with unanimous applause. He now offered the place of singer at the concerts, with respectable advantages; took her, when she joyfully embraced the proposition, into his house, and made a suitable arrangement with the father, whereby Gertrude secured to him a portion of her income through his lifetime.

To this provision for the outward, father Hiller added a much more careful provision for her inward wants. In the first place he taught her to understand herself. "You are a singer," he began, "of excellent voice and of much capability; moreover there is manifested in your delivery, though you may scarcely know it or intend it, something of soul and character. Cling to that: by so doing you are always sure of some sort of success, so long as you are young. But what then? See here: it is in you, you have the power, to become a great singer, a true artist, if you have the will and the persistency, and will enter the right path. Once become that, and the whole world will be open to you, and furthermore the coffers of the wealthy and the high-born; and that not merely for the few years of youth. To be sure, the place where the great singer chiefly shines, the theatre

is perhaps not wholly closed against you; but you will hardly ever find there your peculiar place. You are not pretty; and you have neither command nor knowledge of all the other means of producing effect upon the stage; even your figure and bearing are not in the least properly developed. Now certainly we will gladly help in all that as far as may be; but in a maiden, who is already almost seventeen, it is too late to expect anything remarkable in that line. You must become a concert and chamber singer, and, so far as depends upon yourself, you must remain such; that is to say, a singer upon whom are made, and justly made, the greatest claims, and who must execute whatever she undertakes to deliver—seeing that her audience have no other source of diversion, but observe the least minutiæ—in the most perfect manner. Now an astonishing deal is required for that, and it is a long way; but you can achieve it, and I will lead you into the way. You can do it, for you show firmness and persistency; your father says you are a stubborn creature. Be so; but turn the peculiarity to good account." Gertrude comprehended, resolved, promised, and kept the promise.

Hiller's instruction, which she enjoyed from this time forward, was not only the most simple and most natural, but also the most suited to its purpose. So far as actual singing was concerned, it was as follows: Every day without exception, early in the morning, she had to sing scales, from the full chest, through the whole compass of her tones, with perfectly pure intonation, and with all the modifications from *fortissimo* to *pianissimo*, and the reverse. By this means not only her organs, but her tones themselves were enlarged and strengthened, so that each one, from the lowest to the highest, became fully equal to every other, and each so pure, that a wavering, or unequal, or impurely intonated tone seemed an impossibility with her. Then he taught her to enunciate distinctly and euphoniously; first mere vowels and then words. In the doctrine of harmony he carried her so far, that she felt every irregularity at once, so that afterwards she could yield herself to the suggestions of the moment without fear of mistakes. By the aid of a young musician he had her carried so far in piano-playing that she could accompany herself. If Hiller studied with her any larger vocal pieces, with a view to public performance, he first explained to her the sense of the text and the music; next he insisted that she should render it all note for note, strictly as it was written; but after that, in all that concerned expression or embellishment he left her to herself, and only gave advice when he was asked. Yet after the piece had been performed in public, he did not neglect, at the little oft-times frugal supper, to point out and explain both what had succeeded excellently well, and what had not gone wholly to his mind.

All this, with Gertrude's spirit, talent, and truly astonishing industry, produced the finest results. As to her industry, she sang unurged, for five or six hours every day; and frequently in these exercises it was only a single phrase or passage, which was not left until it would go perfectly. But as for all the other branches which Hiller and his friends endeavoured to teach Gertrude—whether scientific or practical, whether for general culture or for the world—including some indispensable knowledge of some of the modern languages—there was little progress. "Do not plague me," she would say: "I want to become a singer, and nothing more. What else do I need? And should I have use for it, it will easily be found."

Thus Gertrude's residence in Leipzig, in the house of Hiller, (from 1766 to 1771), was decisive of her destiny. She had opportunity enough to hear and study many of the most excellent and most various works of art, especially in church and concert music, under her master's conductorship, and even to shine in such herself. This raised, enriched, and formed her mind, expanded and ennobled her taste. Nor did she lack opportunities to become acquainted with foreign *virtuosi*, and, of those of her own country, especially with an amiable and extremely graceful rival, Corona Schröter;—nor of gratifying an odd enough caprice of her own, of entering into composition with excellent instrumental players: this stimulated to new efforts and increased her skill. It was especially the works of Hasse, Graun, Benda, Jomelli, and Pergolese, with which she here made herself acquainted, and in which she appeared; but

Durante, too, and Sacchini, Porpora, Caldara and others, were no strangers to her. For Pergolese, on account of his tendency to sentimentality, for which the capacity was not yet developed in her, or perhaps did not exist in her, she had no partiality; like Hiller himself, she was most fond of Hasse. And this perhaps because Hasse—not to mention his well-known excellencies as an artist—sketched his arias, duets, etc., with a noble breadth, yet very simply, and with a still simpler accompaniment, so that to a clever singer there was a broad, free field left open to her own mode of treatment. This was favourable to Gertrude, since the spirit of original invention had begun to develop itself most strikingly in her under her master's guidance. Thus she has been heard to sing some of Hasse's principal airs, over and over, six or eight times publicly, and hence,—since these airs, after the custom of the time, consisted of two main divisions, of which the first was always repeated,—she sang these first divisions twelve or sixteen times; and yet never did she deviate in her embellishments from the expression and style of the piece;—and no wonder, with Hiller for a master! for such a liberty would have made the old man almost jump out of his skin.

In this way Gertrude, and in this way all great singers, formed their lofty school; and so they left the school to share the respect and attention of the world. If we dwell awhile in this contemplation of the past and compare the present with it, we can hardly help remarking, that singing then was really an art, but now (with scarcely a few exceptions) a means of astonishing; then the public sought an inward satisfaction in it, now it seeks only to be stimulated and amused.

In the manner just now indicated Gertrude rendered lofty and animated pieces; those of a gentler and more inward feeling at that time she sang less willingly and less well. These were the domain of the deep-souled, graceful Corona. To do that, she required, besides the qualities already mentioned, also the most transcendent organ and the greatest flexibility of voice. The first she had; the second she made her own. Organs like hers are among the rarest gifts of fate, and in our days we have only known the like thereof, although in a far smaller compass of tones, in Madame Catalani. Without being sharp or screaming in the least degree, Gertrude's voice was so powerful and full-toned, that one could distinguish it in the midst of the strongest chorus, with drums and trumpets accompanying. From this degree of strength she could diminish through all gradations to a tone so soft and yet so clear, that in passages for instance with an *obbligato* instrument, the player scarcely knew whence to procure a tone that should be distinguishable, and yet not drown hers. And this control she exercised over the wide regions of tones (to use the technical language of musicians), from G unmarked to the thrice-marked E.

To acquire that flexibility and fluency, she set to work now with her characteristic "stubbornness." Whatever difficulties she could conceive of, she practised all alone incessantly, till breast and throat could give the sounds out with the greatest certainty and ease, as if it were mere recreation; and what she could not herself conceive of, she would remark in the concert and other solos of the best instrumentalists, whom Leipzig then possessed; especially the flautist, Tromlitz, and the violinists, Göpfert and Berger. Thus have these three worthy men, by their prompt, neat, and elegant play, without their knowing or intending it, had a great influence in the developing of the singer into the *virtuoso*; for whatever *cantabile* passage came out finely on their instruments, Gertrude would imitate it in her singing, till she succeeded to the finest point.

(To be continued.)

SCARBOROUGH.—On Monday last, Mr. Henry Beverley, the stage-manager, took his annual benefit. The performances consisted of *Time tries All*, *Nicholas Flam, Attorney-at-Law*, and *Victorine, the Orphan of Paris; or, I'll sleep upon it*. The principal characters were exceedingly well sustained. Mrs. George Herbert, from the York and Hull circuits, made her first appearance at Scarborough, and was most favourably received.

SKETCH OF FARINELLI.

THIS renowned singer, whose voice and abilities surpassed the limits of all anterior vocal excellence, was born at Naples in 1705. He was instructed in the rudiments of music by his father, and in singing by Porpora. In 1722, at the age of seventeen, he went from Naples to Rome, with his master, then engaged to compose for the Alberto Theatre, where Farinelli contended with a famous performer on the trumpet. Every night, during the run of an opera, this struggle was repeated, which at first seemed amicable and sportive, until the audience began to interest themselves in the contest. After severally swelling out a note, in which each manifested the power of his lungs, and tried to rival the other in brilliancy and force, they had both a swell and a shake together, by thirds, which was continued so long, while the audience eagerly waited the event, that both seemed to be exhausted; and, in fact, the trumpeter, wholly spent, gave it up, supposing, however, his antagonist as much fatigued as himself, and that it would be a drawn battle; when Farinelli, with a smile on his countenance, showing he had only been sporting with him all this time, broke out, all at once, in the same breath, with fresh vigour, and not only swelled and shook upon the note, but ran the most rapid and difficult divisions, and was at last silenced only by the acclamations of the enraptured audience.

From this period of his life may be dated that superiority which he ever maintained over all his contemporaries. In the early part of his life, he was distinguished by the name of "Il Ragazzo" (the boy), as Homer was called "the Poet," and Swift "the Dean."

From Rome, Farinelli went to Bologna, where he had the advantage of hearing Bernacchi, a scholar of the famous Pistocchi, of that city, who was then the most scientific singer in Italy. Thence he went to Venice, and from Venice to Vienna; in both which cities his powers were considered as miraculous. Farinelli himself told Dr. Burney, that at Vienna, where he received great honours from the Emperor Charles VI, (and admonition from the Prince was of more service to him than all the precepts of his masters or the examples of his competitors), his Imperial Majesty condescended one day to tell him, with great mildness and affability, that in his singing he neither moved nor stood still like any other mortal; all was supernatural. "Those gigantic strides," said he, "those never-ending notes and passages (*ces notes qui ne finissent jamais*), only surprise, and it is now time for you to *please*. You are too lavish of the gifts with which nature has endowed you: if you wish to reach the heart, you must take a more plain and simple road."

These judicious remarks effected an entire change in his manner of singing; from this time he united pathos to spirit, simplicity was the sublime, and by these means delighted as well as astonished every hearer.

In the year 1734, he went to England, where the effects which his surprising talents had upon the audience were ecstasy! enchantment! In the famous air, "Son qual nave," which was composed for him by his brother, the first note he sang was taken with such delicacy, swelled by minute degrees to such an amazing volume, and afterwards diminished in the same manner to a mere point, that it was applauded for full five minutes. After this, he set off with such brilliancy and rapidity of execution, that it was difficult for the violins of those days to keep pace with him.

But it was not in speed only that he excelled, for he united the perfections of every celebrated singer. His voice was equally eminent for strength, sweetness, and compass; and his style equally excellent in the expression of tenderness, grace, and rapidity. In a word, he possessed such powers as were never before or since united in any one singer, powers that were irresistible, and which subdued every hearer, the learned and the ignorant, the friend and the foe.

With these talents, he went to Spain in the year 1737, intending to return to England, having entered into articles with the nobility, who had at that time the management of the opera, to perform during the ensuing season. In his way thither, he sang to the king of France, at Paris, where, according to Riccoboni

he enchanted even the French themselves, who universally abhorred Italian music.

The very first day he performed before the queen of Spain, it was determined he should be taken into the service of the court, to which he was ever after wholly appropriated, not being once permitted to sing in public. A pension was then settled upon him for life, amounting to upwards of two thousand pounds sterling.

He told Dr. Burney, that, for the first ten years of his residence at the court of Spain during the reign of Philip V., he sang to that monarch, every night, the *same* four airs, two of which were "Pallido il sole," and "Per questo dolce Amplesso," both composed by Hasse. He was honoured also by his first royal master, Philip V., with the order of St. Jago, and by his successor, Ferdinand VI., under whom also he continued in favour, with that of Calatrava, in 1750. His duty now became less constant and fatiguing, as he persuaded this prince to patronise operas; which were a great relief to Farinelli, who was appointed sole director of these performances, and engaged the best Italian singers and composers, as also Metastasio as poet.

The goodness of Farinelli's heart, and the natural sweetness of his disposition, were not exceeded even by the unrivalled excellence of his vocal powers, as some of the following anecdotes will testify.

It has been often related, and generally believed, that Philip V., king of Spain, being seized with a total dejection of spirits, absolutely refused to be shaved, and was, in other respects, incapable of transacting the affairs of the state. The queen, who had in vain tried every common expedient that was likely to contribute to his recovery, determined that an experiment should be made of the effects of music upon the king, her husband, who was extremely sensible of its charms. Upon the arrival of Farinelli, of whose extraordinary performance an account had been transmitted to Madrid, her Majesty contrived that there should be a concert in the room adjoining the king's apartment, in which this singer executed one of his most captivating songs. Philip at first appeared surprised, then affected, and, at the conclusion of the second air, commanded the attendance of Farinelli. On his entering the royal apartment, the enraptured monarch overwhelmed him with compliments and caresses, demanding how he could sufficiently reward such talents, and declaring that he could refuse him nothing. Farinelli, previously instructed, only entreated that his Majesty would permit his attendants to shave and dress him, and that he would endeavour to appear in council as usual. From this moment the king's disease submitted to medicine, and the singer had the whole honour of the cure. By singing to his Majesty every evening, his favour increased to such a degree, that he was regarded as a prime minister; but what was still more extraordinary, and most highly indicative of a superior mind, Farinelli, never forgetting that he was only a musician, behaved to the Spanish nobles attendant upon the court with such unaffected humility and propriety, that instead of envying his good fortune, they honoured him with their esteem and confidence.

The true nobility of this extraordinary person's soul appears still more forcibly in the following rare instance of magnanimity. Going one day to the king's closet, to which he had at all times access, he heard an officer of the guard curse him, and say to another, "Honours can be heaped on such scoundrels as these, while a poor soldier, like myself, after thirty years' service, is unnoticed." Farinelli, without seeming to hear this reproach, complained to the king that he had neglected an old servant, and actually procured a regiment for the person who had spoken so harshly of him in the antechamber; and on quitting his majesty, he gave the commission to the officer, telling him he had heard him complain of having served thirty years, but added, "You did wrong to accuse the king of neglecting to reward your services." The following story, of a more ludicrous cast, was frequently told and believed at Madrid, during the first year of Farinelli's residence in Spain. This singer, having ordered a superb suit of clothes for a *gala* at court, when the tailor brought them home, he asked for his bill. "I have made no bill, sir," said the tailor, "nor never shall make one. Instead of money, I have a favour to beg. I know that what I want is

inestimable, and only fit for monarchs; but since I have the honour to work for a person of whom every one speaks with rapture, all the payment I shall ever require, will be a song." Farinelli tried in vain to persuade the tailor to take his money. At length, after a long debate, giving way to the earnest entreaties of the humble tradesman, and perhaps more highly gratified by the singularity of the adventure than by all the applause which he had hitherto received, he took him into his music room, and sang to him some of his most brilliant airs, delighted with the astonishment of his ravished hearer; and the more he seemed surprised and affected, the more Farinelli exerted himself in every species of excellence. When he had concluded, the tailor, overcome with ecstasy, thanked him in the most rapturous and grateful manner, and prepared to retire. "No," said Farinelli, "I am a little proud, and it is perhaps from that circumstance, that I have acquired some little degree of superiority over other singers. I have given way to your weakness; it is but fair that, you in your turn, shaud give way to mine." Then taking out his purse, he insisted on his receiving a sum, amounting to nearly double the worth of the suit of clothes.

Farinelli, during two reigns, resided upwards of twenty years at the Spanish court, with a continual increase of royal favour, and the esteem of the principal nobility of the kingdom.

During his greatest favour at the court of Madrid, he is said to have been no more elated than with the acclamations which his extraordinary talents commanded whenever he sang in public. In the year 1759, Farinelli returned to Italy. After visiting Naples, the place of his nativity, he settled at Bologna in 1761, in the environs of which city he built himself a splendid mansion, which in Italy is called a *palazzo*. Here he resided for the remainder of his life, in the true enjoyment of affluent leisure. He was remarkably civil and attentive to the English nobility and gentry who visited him in his retreat, and appeared to remember the protection and favour of individuals more than the neglect of the public, during the last year of his residence in London. When the Marquis of Caermarthen honoured him with a visit at Bologna, upon being told that he was the son of his patron and friend, the Duke of Leeds, he threw his arms round his neck, and shed tears of joy in embracing him. This extraordinary musician, and blameless man, died in 1782, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

ANECDOTES OF GLUCK.—J. J. Rousseau's admiration for the genius of Gluck, as soon as he became acquainted with his works, is well known. All Paris observed him frequenting the theatre at every representation of Gluck's *Orpheus*, although for some time previously he had absented himself from such entertainments. To one person he said on this subject, that Gluck had come to France to give the lie to a proposition which he had formerly defended, namely, that good music could never be set to French words. At another time he observed, that all the world blamed Gluck's want of melody; for himself, he thought it issued from all his pores. Gluck was one day playing on his piano the part in *Iphigenia in Tauris*, where Orestes, left alone in prison, after having experienced his accustomed agitation, throws himself on a bench, saying, *Le calme rentre dans mon cœur*. Some persons present thought they observed a contradiction in the bass, which prolonged the preceding agitation, after Orestes had declared that his heart was calm: they mentioned this to Gluck, adding, "but Orestes is calm, he says so."—"He lies," exclaimed Gluck, "he mistakes animal exhaustion for calmness of heart; the fury is always here (striking his breast): has he not killed his mother!" On the day appointed for the first representation of his *Iphigenia in Aulis* at Paris, Gluck was informed that the principal singer had been suddenly taken ill, but that another would perform his part that evening. Gluck, who suspected cabal, immediately replied, "No; the performance must be postponed." That was declared impossible, the piece having been already advertised and announced to the royal family, under which circumstances there was no precedent of a postponement. "I will sooner," replied Gluck, "throw the piece into the fire, than submit to its being murdered in the way proposed." The performances had to be altered.

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—Beethoven's *Fidelio*—the third opera given by the company at our Theatre Royal—was produced with great success on Wednesday evening in last week. The audience was much more numerous than on either of the first two nights, the pit being well filled, and the other parts of the house better attended. We still have to regret the shortcomings in the dress circle, which ought to have been filled, or nearly so, every night, as on the support of the upper classes greatly depends the success of the establishment of a regular opera season in Manchester. Let us hope that the representations, so excellent in many respects, given of some of the operas, will induce those who can best afford to do so, eventually to come forward more numerously than they have done.

It is indeed cheering to observe the growing taste for really good music evinced by the middle and lower orders of society here, as demonstrated by the fact, that, of the seven performances given by the Italian company from Covent Garden some five or six weeks ago, *Fidelio* drew by far the largest audience; and of the present series of performances by the Royal Opera troupe, *Fidelio* has been by far the best attended.

Of the performance of Beethoven's only opera on this occasion, I can speak in very high terms. Madame Caradori and Herr Reichardt, as the heroic devoted wife, and the afflicted noble husband, were both unexceptionably good; and Formes as the kind-hearted old jailer, was hearty and earnest as ever. If I might be allowed to hint a fault in so masterly a performance, it was a tendency to loudness in his singing in the digging duet with Fidelio, whereby Madame Caradori's voice, though sufficiently strong, was scarcely heard—a mistake we should have scarcely expected from the great basso. M. Charles Hallé was the conductor, and the overture went so well under his *baton* as to be unanimously encored. Mdlle. Sadlatzek acquitted herself very well as Marcellina, as did Herr Tapf as Jacquino. Herr Formes was encored in his "Gold" song. The canon quartet was well and carefully given by all four, and Madame Caradori was loudly applauded for her delivery of the grand scena "Abscheulicher." The only real failure of the night was the Pizarro, a part too often allotted to a singer inadequate to its performance. It was assigned to Herr Hubert Formes, brother of the renowned basso, of whom no mean expectations were formed. He is, however, entirely unfitted for the part, either in figure or voice—to say nothing of his want of talent and experience as an actor. I felt sorry for the elder Formes, when hisses were too audibly and generally heard after the close of their duet. In the tremendous vengeance song, the voice of Hubert Formes was not heard at all through the orchestra. He is evidently a young man, and may possess qualifications to pursue the career of an artist, but it is equally evident that it was very premature to put him in such a part as Pizarro. M. Zelger or Signor Fortini ought to have sustained it. The prisoners' chorus, which is often so unfortunate, was more carefully given, and with better effect than usual. Still the first act almost invariably closes flatly—why should it be so?

The second act went well from beginning to end. I have rarely heard the prisoners' dream of hope, and the superb trio, where Fidelio gives the bread to Florestan, sung with more effect. The exquisite scene when the wife and the restored husband break out in their impassioned and loving duet created a real excitement in the audience, who tumultuously encored it. After the duet Mad. Caradori and Herr Reichardt were recalled. The whole house fairly cheered them. The great and unrivalled finale went famously. The principals in the soli sextet bits were all up to the mark, but the chorus was now and then a little unsteady. M. Chas. Hallé did not seem to have them quite under his command as one could have wished. The finale, nevertheless, was received with thunders of applause, and the audience would fain have had it all repeated, but in place of a repetition the six principals appeared before the curtain. *I Puritani*, *Norma*, and *La Sonnambula* were the operas which followed *Fidelio* last week, with but moderate houses. This week *Der Freischütz* has proved rather more attractive. Last night the upper circle was better filled than it has yet been since the opera season commenced.

Of Herr Formes's *Caspar*, and Madame Caradori's *Agatha*, I have before spoken. It is unnecessary to speak of them again—one was as great as ever, the other as good. Herr Reichardt, I was sorry to find, was unwell; his loss was seriously felt in Weber's opera. Signor Gregorio had to appear before the curtain to bespeak the indulgence of the audience for him, and he had to omit both the arias allotted to Max. Madle. Rudersdorff made a successful *début* as *Annenchen*. All her songs were liberally applauded. Madle. Rudersdorff acquitted herself especially well in the duet, "Schelno, halt fest," and in the trio, "Wie? was? entsetzen." Herr Hubert Formes was far from being at home in the small part of Prince Ottocar, although it was more successful than Pizarro. The choruses were excellently sung, and the opera well put on the stage. The band was again in capital order under the *bâton* of M. Charles Hallé. The overture was encored both on Monday and Tuesday night. Allow me to make particular mention of the clarinet playing of Herr Grosse, and the tenor *obbligato* accompaniment to *Annenchen's* song, by Mr. Baetens.

Lucia di Lammermoor is the next opera to be produced, and Mozart's *Il Seraglio* is in rehearsal.

We are informed by the *Manchester Courier* of October the 7th, that the members of the Manchester and Salford Harmonic Society have recently made arrangements for bringing out Händel's oratorio *Judas Maccabeus*, with a chorus of sixty voices, and Mrs. Sunderland, Mrs. Winterbottom, Mr. Perring, and Mr. Delavanti, as principal singers—Mr. H. Walter, as conductor, presiding at the organ.—The same paper also states that a society has been organised at Manchester, under the name of the Manchester Glee and Choral Society, by the professional singers, to the number of seventy or eighty. They have already had several rehearsals. We observe that Mr. Loder is the conductor, and under his able guidance we have no doubt as to the efficiency of the proposed performances.—The first concert of the Gentlemen's Glee Club, the twenty-fifth session, took place at Hayward's Hotel, Bridge-street, on Thursday last. Mr. Barlow was at his old post, as conductor. The selection consisted of "The chough and crow," by Bishop, a glee by Mr. T. Cooke, and another by Webbe, the first part concluding with Cherubini's beautiful round, "Lo, morn is breaking." In the second part, two pieces were encored, the first being Beale's popular madrigal, "Come, let us join the roundelay," and Webbe's "Discord, dire sister." Several songs were also sung after supper, by Messrs. Perring and Delavanti.—The following extract is from the *Manchester Examiner and Times*:

IRON THEATRE FOR THE TOWN OF MELBOURNE.—We have seen the theatre built of iron by Messrs. E. T. Bellhouse and Co., of Granby Row, for Mr. Coppin, the Australian manager, who is going to leave this country on the 15th inst., and will carry his theatre with him in the ship *Melbourne*, from London. This structure, of which some account has already been published, has an area of 3,200 square feet, being 80 feet long by 40 feet wide. It will be sunk in the ground about six feet deep, and its height externally, up to the eaves, will be sixteen feet above the ground, the roof rising six feet above the eaves, so that, internally, there is an elevation of twenty-eight feet in the centre of the roof. The stage is twenty-four feet wide by thirty feet deep, and all the remainder of the floor, excepting a space of four feet allowed for passage all round, constitutes the pit. There is a gallery, or rather a tier of boxes, twenty-four feet deep, at the end opposite the stage, and a gallery eight feet deep along each of the sides, so that the conventional form of a theatre, the semicircle, is not preserved in this instance, but the arrangement exactly resembles that of the galleries of a chapel, the "dress-boxes" occupying the place usually assigned to the organ loft, and confronting the stage as the organ generally confronts the pulpit. There are three windows above each of the side galleries, and ventilators in the roof. A detached front stands outside the building, eight feet advanced before the real front; the intervening space will be available, partly as a saloon for refreshments, and partly as box-office. The front is open and glazed, like a shop front, and surmounted with cast-iron ornaments, the royal arms, and a tablet bearing the inscription, 'Coppin's Theatre.' There are two doors in front, one to the

pit, and the other to the boxes and galleries. Everything is very strong but very light, the weight of the whole building not being more than thirty or forty tons. The material, being galvanised iron, will not require to be painted; wherever wooden beams are introduced, they are strengthened by iron trusses, three-quarters of an inch thick. The principals of the roof are composed of T iron, with the rods of flat iron. We believe it does not rain so often at Melbourne as it does here, but when it does come down, it falls very heavily, and it will be carried off the roof of the theatre by cast-iron ornamental gutters, and thence discharged through hollow pilasters."

MARGATE.—The theatrical season has now come to a close, the entertainments during the last week having been for the benefit of the various actors. On Monday there was a juvenile night for the benefit of Miss H. Saville, whose dancing during the season has been greatly admired. On Wednesday Mr. Bye-field took his benefit, and the house was well attended. On Friday last, the season, which we fear has not been a very profitable one to Mr. Saville, came to a close with his benefit. The house was crowded. This company is the best that has performed here for many years. The directress, Mrs. Saville, has been indefatigable in her endeavours to please.

SCARBOROUGH, Oct. 12.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The Collins Family are giving concerts at the Town-Hall, with moderate success. The season is nearly over, and the concerts in the Spa-Saloon will terminate next week. These concerts have been under the management of Mr. J. Bentinck Wilson, "first-class man at the Royal Academy of Music," in place of Mr. R. W. Kohler, who originated the concerts, and had for six years conducted them with considerable ability, and to the universal satisfaction of the visitors of Scarborough. Mr. Wilson's band consists of sixteen good performers, but, nevertheless, the concerts have been most uninteresting. There have been some attempts at classical music, which, from being carelessly played, has not been worth listening to; and is inappropriate in the Saloon concerts. The lighter music has been equally ineffective. No pains have been taken to render the saloon performances attractive to the crowds of ladies and gentlemen who are too much occupied in mutual admiration to give any attention to badly-played symphonies or worn-out old waltzes. Mr. Kohler understood his audience better, and being a master of instrumentation, and a disciple of M. Jullien, he knew how to invent many little devices to give piquancy and effect to waltzes and overtures. His band was always surrounded by a galaxy of listening ladies and gentlemen. It is therefore inexplicable why Mr. J. B. Wilson, who understands no instrument but the piano (and promenades among the visitors with a white hat and gloves while his band is playing), should be substituted for M. Kohler, who is a capital performer on several instruments, and was always at his post leading or conducting his band.

YORK.—*The York Institute.*—The winter session of 1854-55 of this institution was opened on Tuesday evening last, by a concert of vocal and instrumental music. The entertainment was of an excellent character, and was listened to with evident satisfaction, by a crowded auditory—in fact, the room was crammed to excess, and many parties were obliged to go away, being unable to obtain admission. The various songs, glees, and instrumental pieces which were given in the course of the evening, reflected credit on all who took part in their execution. Mr. Kohler, the well-known and talented musician, being in York, volunteered his professional services on the occasion; the other instrumental performers were Mr. Shaw (who presided at the pianoforte), Mr. T. Smith, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Arundel, Mr. Groves, and Mr. Mackereth. The vocalists were Messrs. Nightingale, Bell, Coulthas, Jennings, and Todd. The programme was well selected.

BRISTOL AND BATH.—On Saturday, Mr. Melville made his first appearance for the season, having been engaged in the room of Mr. Walter Shelley. He was received with loud and long-continued plaudits, and is evidently a great favourite with the majority of those who frequent the theatre. The character he appeared in was Rolla in *Pizarro*, perhaps one of the best which he could have chosen; and Mr. Melville acted with his accustomed talent. Mr. Silver's *Pizarro* and Mr. Sinclair's *Alonzo* are also well worthy of commendation. The manager has made a great accession to his resources by the engagement of Miss

Featherstone, of the Haymarket Theatre, who first appeared on Wednesday as Apollo in *Midas*. She sang with her usual effect, not merely the music of the piece, but the famous contralto aria from *Lucrezia Borgia*, "Il Segreto," in which she was enthusiastically encored twice. The effect of these new engagements was evident in the greatly-increased attendance on Saturday evening.—On Monday, at the Assembly Rooms, Mr. Mark, a German professor of music, gave two concerts, having for their object to illustrate his system of teaching. The orchestra was filled with an assemblage of juveniles, apparently from twelve to sixteen years of age, Mr. Mark leading and directing. These small musicians played several concerted pieces, and some solos, with an accuracy and spirit which are quite surprising. Of course, it would be absurd to measure the performances of these youths by the usual standard of criticism. Mr. Mark's object has been to demonstrate the practicability of teaching music to the mass of the juvenile population, as means of elevating and refining the people of this country. He is not desirous of making professors of the art. And, with the demonstration of Monday before us, we certainly think that he has shown cause why his efforts should be applauded and his views promoted. Judging from the remarks on his system of tuition, offered by Mr. Mark to the audience, we should say, that it appears to be founded on correct and natural principles. At all events, no one can fail to applaud his efforts, which have for their object the creation of a generally-diffused love for and practice of that most elevating and charming science of which he is a professor.

LINCOLN.—A concert was given in the Corn Exchange, on Tuesday week, under the auspices of Mr. C. F. Willey, professor of music of this town, and Mr. Buck, of Boston, for which they engaged Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, Mr. Farquharson, Mr. Sharp, and Mr. Clementi. The concert was attended by all the principal families in the town and neighbourhood. The programme commenced with Pauers' pianoforte solo, "La Cascade," played by Mr. Sharp. The duet "My sufferings and sorrow," from the *Bride of Lammermoor*, introduced Mrs. Sims Reeves and Mr. Farquharson, and the scena "All is lost," from *Sonnambula*, brought forward Mr. Sims Reeves, who sang magnificently, and at once impressed on the minds of the audience his title to that renown which he so justly enjoys. Mrs. Sims Reeves in the Scotch ballad "There's nae luck," gave unbounded satisfaction and received great applause, and an encore being demanded, she gave the old Scotch song, "Within a mile o' Edinboro'." The gem of the evening, however, was Mr. Frank Mori's new song, "England and Victory," sung by Mr. Sims Reeves. The last notes of the first verse had not had time to die away before it was received with such uproarious applause that it was some short time before Mr. Reeves could proceed with the next verse. When the song was finished, nothing could exceed the enthusiastic delight of the audience, thunders of applause rapidly following each other. The immense number of people rose *en masse*, and Mr. Reeves had to repeat the song amid a hurricane of applause.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—(From our own Correspondent.)—Mad. Stoltz has taken her leave of the Grand Opéra for a short time and set out for London. Mlle. Sophie Cruvelli was to have made her *rentrée* as Alice in *Robert le Diable*. Owing to a slight indisposition, however, she was prevented from doing so, and appeared, for the first time this season, two days later, as Valentine in *Les Huguenots*. Her reception was enthusiastic, and, both by her singing and acting, she richly merited all the applause lavished upon her. The part of the Queen was sung by Mad. Charles Ponchard, who undertook it at a very short notice.—There is some talk of an arrangement by which Mad. Bosio, of the Théâtre-Italien, will be enabled to sing at the Grand Opéra three times a week.—M. Gounod's opera, *La Nonne Sanglante*, will be produced very shortly.—Mad. Rosati, who is still too ill to resume her professional duties, has signed a fresh engagement, which is said to be much more advantageous than her previous one.

At the Théâtre-Italien, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* is announced for the début of Mad. Gassier. M. Gassier will sing the part of Figaro, and Sig. Luchesi that of Count Almaviva.

M. Ernest Boulanger's pleasing opera, *Les Sabots de la Marquise*,

continues to attract the public to the Opéra-Comique. *Le Pré-aux-Clercs* still maintains its place in the bills.—*L'Étoile du Nord* will shortly be revived.—The rehearsals of *Miss Fauvette*, the new opera by MM. Victor Massé and Michel Carré, have been suspended, and it is not known when they will be resumed.

The first representation of *Le Billet de Marguerite*, by M. Gevaert, will, in all probability, have taken place, at the Théâtre-Lyrique, before you receive this letter.

A kind of *proverbe*, entitled *La Maitresse du Mari*, by MM. Duflot and Desbres, has been produced with success at the Vaudeville. The two principal parts, and there are only three altogether, were well sustained by M. Brindeau and Mlle. Saint-Marc.

There have been two novelties, this week, at the Variétés, *Une Sangsue*, by MM. Villeneuve and Langlès, and *La Maison Grindord*.

M. Ravel has made hit, at the Palais-Royal, in a trifle, by M. T. Barrière, entitled *Les Bâtons dans les Rosas*.

The management of the Porte-Saint-Martin announces the revival of the celebrated drama of *La Chambre Ardemte*, for the *rentrée* of Mlle. George, in the character of Mad. de Brinvilliers.

A new drama, by M. Ferdinand Dugué, called *Les Amours Maudis*, is in rehearsal at the Ambigu-Comique, and will shortly be produced. M. Meyerbeer has returned to Paris. The two sisters, Mademoiselles Sophia and Isabella Dulcken are also stopping here for the present. They will again proceed to Germany in about a week. They will first proceed to the Palatinat, and thence to Vienna, returning to Paris in time for the end of the concert season.—The forty *Chanteurs Montagnards Français*, of the Conservatory of Bagnères, had the honour of singing, last week, before the Emperor and Empress, who complimented their director, M. A. Roland, very highly on their performance. Their Majesties likewise made a very handsome present to the funds of the charitable institution to which these artists are attached.

BERLIN.—(From our own Correspondent).—Mlle. Johanna Wagner has appeared at the Royal Opera House as Romeo in *I Montecchi e Capuletti*, and as Lucrezia Borgia in the opera of the same name. She was ably supported by Mad. Herrenburg-Tuzek, Herren Pfister, and Salomon. The performance of the *Messiah*, in the Garnisonkirche, last week, under the direction of Herr Grell, was admirable. Full justice was rendered to the immortal *chef-d'œuvre*. The soprano solos were sung by Mademoiselle von Boreck and Geisler, Herr Küster presiding at the organ. A *matinée musicale* has been given in the *Englisches Haus*, for the purpose of introducing a young bassist, Herr Hahnemann, to the public. This gentleman sang the grand bass aria from Haydn's *Creation*, and several *Lieder*, besides taking part in one or two duets. He promises well, although he has yet much to learn. The brothers Lotze and Herr Radeke played Beethoven's trio in G major in a masterly manner, after which the last-named gentleman performed a very difficult *Scherzo* of Chopin most efficiently. The members of the *Singacademie* have given a performance of Radziwill's music to *Faust*. The choruses were especially good. The proceeds of the concert, which were considerable, were devoted to the benefit of the late sufferers by the flood in Silesia. Mad. Köster has returned from her *congé*, and resumed her professional duties at the opera-house.

MUNICH.—Mademoiselle Retzsch, of the Royal Opera-house, died of cholera on the 14th of September. She had been a member of the establishment for thirteen years, and was aged 37 at the time of her decease. Madle. Schwarzbach returned from Hanover on the 24th of September.

ST. PETERSBURG.—It is reported that the Italian opera will be opened as usual, in spite of the war. Signor Tamberli, Madames Lagrange and Tedesco are engaged.

MILAN.—(From our own Correspondent).—At the Canobbiana, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, sustained by Signora Almonti, the tenor Armandi, and the baritone Della Santa, has had but cold reception. The public was in one of its severest moods, which rendered the artists almost incapable of doing justice to themselves, yet each one obtained occasional applause. The young *danzatrice*, Signora Caterina Boretta, has made her *début*, and created quite a *furore* in a *divertissement* composed by her preceptor, Sig. Hus. On the 3rd. inst., the ballet *Djema* of Sig. Rota was reproduced, and had the same brilliant reception which it obtained last spring in the same theatre.

This evening, Oct. 7, we have had *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*; La Signora Viola, in the part of Rosina, was much applauded; she possesses a mezzo-soprano voice, not very powerful, and apparently rather fatigued; in the second act, she introduced the rondo from *Cenerentola*, "Non più mesta," executed with taste, and for which she obtained *recal*. The tenor Carrion, being an old favourite, was warmly received; the superiority of the style of this popular artist is too well known to need much comment; the artistic manner in which he executed the florid passages obtained him much applause, but we regret to observe that the exertion

consequent upon the brilliant reputation which he has been making during the last two years in Italy, is producing its effects upon his voice. The Signor Luigi Della-Santa (*Figaro*), the buffo Zucchini (Don Bartolo), and the basso profondo Segri (Don Basilio) were deservedly applauded, and contributed much to the satisfactory manner in which the opera was executed. The names of the artists engaged for the grand opening of the Scala in December have been published. The following are the principal artists *d'obligo* (those engaged by the direction): Signora Augusta Albertini, and the Signori Raffaele Mirate (tenor), Gaetano Ferri (barytone), Giuseppe Echeveria (basso profondo); other prime donne absolute, Signore Giulia Sanchioli, Maria de Gianni Vives, and Elisa Hensley; contralto, Signora Giuseppina Bregazzi; primo tenore, Giuseppe Sinico; primi baritoni, Luigi Valli and Domenico Mattioli; basso profondo, Lauro Benedetto; primo basso comicco, Raffaele Selesce; other basso comicco, Demi Stanislao; maestri compositori, Signor Francesco Chiaramonte and Emanuele Muzio. The chorus will consist of one hundred including the students of the school established a few months ago by the directors of the I. R. Theatres for the purpose of teaching and training chorus singers. The orchestra will be composed of ninety-four performers, directed by Signor Cavallini. Ten operas are promised; there will also be a numerous ballet company, including the Signore Olimpia Priora and Rosina Scotti, and the Signori Gustavo Carey and Alberto Mochon, with two coreografi, the Signori Egidio Priora and Giovanni Casati. The first ballet will be *Otema la Schiava* of Signor Priora, the second, *La Figlia della Guerra*, of Signor Casati; two others are also promised, one of which will be *La Tempesta*.

IBID.—Mr. Charles Braham leaves Milan on the first of November for Bari, where he is engaged for the Carnival, at the opening the new grand theatre there. Mr. Charles Braham's first opera will be Verdi's *Rigoletto*, the second, the same composer's *I Due Foscari*, and the third, an opera written expressly for the Theatre Bari by Maestro De Giosa, who is a native of that town. A fourth opera for the English tenor is spoken of, but not yet determined. The opening of a new theatre is always inaugurated by *artisti di cartello*—a high compliment to Mr. Charles Braham.

LUGO.—*I Puritani* has been given for the second opera of the season. Elvira, Signora Cecilia Cremoni; Arturo, Signor Ceccati; Riccardo, Signor Delle-Sedie; Georgio, Signor Biacchini. The execution was satisfactory, and the artists obtained several recals.

VENICE.—At the Teatro Apollo, Verdi's *Trovatore* has had most brilliant success. Leonora, Signora Oreochia; Adzucena, Signora Corvetti; Mauricio, Signor Liverani; Il Conte, Signor Mazzanti; and the basso profondo, Signor Latry.

TURIN.—At the Teatro Carignano, *Saffo* of Pacini has pleased immensely, sustained by the prima donna Signora Katinka Evers, the contralto Signora Ghedini, the tenore Pasi, and barytone Olivari. Sig. Pasi was somewhat indisposed, yet, notwithstanding, his sympathetic voice was appreciated.

VARÈSE.—*I Lombardi* of Verdi has been produced, with good effect for the artisti, interpreted by the Signora Vigliardi, and the Signori Devoti and Bartolucci.

LECCO.—The season of the fair has been opened with *Linda di Chiamonix*. The execution was satisfactory, sustained by the prima donna Signora Rebussini, the contralto Signora Ajroldi, the tenore Mora, the basso Rucca, the barytone Ferrario, and the basso Mirandola.

FLORENCE.—At the Teatro Pergola, *Poliuto* has been a semi-fiasco, executed by the prima donna Signora Cortesi (who it is reported was indisposed), and the Signori Fraschini and Beraldi.—At the Teatro Pagliano, Verdi's *Trovatore* has been received with enthusiasm, especially the fourth act, sung by the Signore Alajmo and Abbadie, and the Signori Landi, Morelli, and the basso Domenechi.

NAPLES.—The artists engaged for the forthcoming season at the Theatre San Carlo have arrived. Madame Medori and Madame Massimiliani will appear in *Norma*, the second taking the part of Adalgisa. Signor Naudin and Colletti will make their *début* in *I Lombardi*. The *début* of Madame Goggi will take place either in the part of Arsace in Rossini's *Semiramide*, or in that of Azucena in Verdi's *Trovatore*. Our news is dated the 1st of October, and the opening day was fixed for the 4th instant. The artists engaged for the opera at Trieste are Signore Salvini, Vives, and Sistinus; Signori Mirate, Ferri, Remorini, Benedetti, Della-Costa, Cerapin, and Fortunato. The principal operas will be *Il Trovatore*, *Marco-Visconti*, *D. Sebastiano*, and *Il Principe Pittore*, the latter by Balfe.

LÜBECK.—The great organ in the St. Marienkirche, built by Schutze and Son, is now completed, and was inaugurated on the 3rd of September. The church was illuminated on the occasion, and Herr Zimmerthal played the following pieces: a double fugue in E flat, by John Sebastian Bach; an adagio, by Mozart, from that great composer's *fantaisie* in E minor; variations on Mendelssohn's organ sonata; the adagio from

Beethoven's symphony in C minor, arranged for the organ by Zimmerthal; and Mendelssohn's grand sonata for the organ.

LEIPSIC.—Mad. Schütz-Witt, the wife of the newly-engaged *Capellmeister*, has appeared as Julia in *I Montecchi e Capuletti*, and Elisabeth in *Die Tannhäuser*.—M. Adam's *Giralda* is in rehearsal.—Miss Georgina Stabbach, from London, is engaged to sing at the next Gewandhaus concerts. By the way, great alterations are to be made in the Gewandhaus itself.—Herr Joachim, from Hanover, is at present here. He will proceed, in a few weeks, to Pesth, to pay a visit to his relations there.—Mad. Clara Schumann has accepted an engagement to sing at concerts here, towards the end of the present month.

POSEN.—Herr Wallner has engaged Kroll's opera company in Berlin for twelve representations, from the end of October to the end of November.

HAMBURGH.—According to report, Herr Hoffmann, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Herr Engelken, of Augsburg, and Herr Woltersdorf, of Königsberg, are candidates for the management of the Stadthäuser.

KÖNIGSBERG.—A so-called "monster concert" was lately given for the sufferers in Silesia. The proceeds amounted to eighty thalers!

STETTIN.—The theatre opened with Bellini's *Montecchi e Capuletti*. The performance was far from giving general satisfaction.

COLOGNE.—A concert has been given by the *Männergesangverein* for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundations in Silesia. It was most numerously attended.—The performances during the first week of the season at the Stadthäuser consisted of M. Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, Rossini's *Barbiere*, and Mozart's *Don Juan*. All these operas were got up in great haste, and put upon the stage in a most slovenly manner, reflecting but small credit upon the management. We may, however, add that Mdile. Bertha Johansen, as Valentine and Dennis Anna, and Mdile. Westerstraud, as Rosina, Lucia, and the Queen, produced a favourable impression, and fulfilled all the expectations formed of them.—Herr Carl Formes is announced for a series of representations, the first to begin on the 25th of this month.

NEW YORK.—Madame Grisi and Signor Mario continue to be suffering from the bad management by which they have been victimized since their first appearance. Whether they will ever recover from it, seems to be a matter of some doubt and of a rather violent *polémique* between the musical critics. There is some talk of transferring them to the new theatre, which would be a decided amelioration—the present theatre of their triumph being at a very inconvenient distance from the fashionable part of the town. It must not be understood that there has been any want of success, or of appreciation on the part of the public; but they have turned sulky over the high prices, and refuse to pay them, after having been indisposed against Mr. Hackett by the absurd auction system. Every part undertaken by the great artistes has, on the contrary, been a complete triumph. *I Puritani* was the last opera. The papers speak in the most enthusiastic terms of both Grisi and Mario in this opera, and the whole performance went off pretty well with the exception of the orchestra, which continues to be most superlatively execrable. After this week we understand there will be a short season at Boston and Philadelphia, and then they will return to New York and give concerts at Niblo's, unless an arrangement be made for their appearance at the new theatre.—Mr. Vincent Wallace has arrived in the Arabia, after flying visit to Europe.—At Boston preparations are being made for the opening of the new theatre and opera house, which will be principally devoted to dramatic uses, although it is reported to be admirably adapted to musical purposes. There is a great extent of stage-room, excellent scenery, and every sort of machinery to give the greatest possible effect to operas. The acoustic qualities of the house are said to be excellent. As regards the orchestra, we are assured no pains have been spared to make it as efficient as possible. It is composed of twenty-five performers, under the direction of Mr. Delang. Mr. Comer is actively at work training the chorus for the English operas, which will be produced next month, supported by Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison. Our informant tells us that due attention has been paid to good looks in the selection of chorus singers—we advise the manager to pay due attention to good voices and knowledge of music. The Handel and Haydn Society is prospering under the management of its president, Mr. J. Fairbanks. Rehearsals were commenced on Sunday evening last, and it is intended to practise the choruses of all the principal oratorios, so as to be ready with them at the shortest notice. The concerts will be given at the Music Hall, and will commence towards the end of November. We find in the *New York Musical World* that our correspondent at Milan has mistaken the country of Miss Adelaide Phillips—the above paper claims her as American. We hasten to correct our mistake, and congratulate our friends over the water on the promising talents of their young and fair countrywoman.

NOTICE.

It is requested that all letters and papers for the Editor, be addressed to the Editor of the Musical World, 28, Holles Street; and all business communications to the Publishers, at the same address.

To ORGANISTS.—*The papers on the Panopticon Organ are published in Nos. 28 and 32 of the present series. The article on the Leeds Organ will be found in No. 30; and the Review of the Organ at St. George's Hall in Nos. 34, 35, and 37.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROTEST.—*We have looked through, not read, the pamphlet sent by our correspondent. It is impossible to take any notice of it. We do not pretend to cope with ungrammatical slang and low scurrility. "If you touch pitch," etc.*

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14TH, 1854.

ALL prospect of a solid establishment of English Opera in the metropolis seems, for the present, at an end. The experiment has been tried over and over again with an invariable routine of circumstances. Magnificent announcements, performances in a constant state of languishing from bad to worse, and total failure by way of termination. We are tired of failures. The public is tired of failures; it has lost all faith in English Opera. The very title itself has become a laughing-stock to the jokers, and a suggestion for buttoning up the breeches-pockets of the cautious. It is impossible for any pet notion, especially one in which so much artistic interest is involved, to have fallen further into disrepute, or be more hopelessly at a discount with the public. We, however, have not utterly abandoned hope of it. We can perceive the causes of failure and the means of remedy. Meanwhile, without going into a profitless discussion of what might and should be done—it is absolutely certain that the embarkation of large capital in the enterprise must be the chief element of success. The finding of the adventurous *millionaire*, who, after the experience of the last dozen years, will tempt the chance of sacrifice, is quite another matter. We trust it may occur before the discovery of the missing Arctic expedition; though, for aught that now appears to the contrary, the dates are as likely to be coeval as otherwise. For all practical purposes, then, the establishment of English Opera, on a scale to do credit to the nation and service to its composers, may be regarded as an event, probable, indeed, but too distant to be worth waiting for. Meanwhile, there is no need that English *music* should go to sleep. If the avenues to distinction be closed against the native composer in one direction, he must turn his steps towards another. If he have a dozen operas lying idle and profitless in his portfolio, there is no reason that his symphonies, overtures, and oratorios should share a like fate. Concerts, and of the greatest magnitude, are, fortunately, popular among us. Not alone did Handel leave us his immortal works; he left us a still more valuable bequest—the tradition, which has never departed, that such music is for ever worth hearing, and cannot be heard without adequate means of execution. He set the fashion, in short, of great concert-performances; and, since his time, these have continued, with chequered success it may be, but with unflagging spirit, with constantly

increasing excellence and widening field of application, until at last almost settled among the institutions of the country, and thoroughly in unison with the feelings of the people, we may boast of our provincial festivals and London *regular* concerts as unequalled in the world. Let us keep them so, say we. The French, Germans, and Italians may vaunt the excellence of their lyric theatres, and laugh at our bungling attempts to commence that which they have long enjoyed in perfection. While we can sustain our concert societies and country festivals at even their present point of efficiency, our composers need never want a battle-field nor their music a fair trial of its strength. It is, doubtless, very mortifying to the aspiring musician, who, with all the strong faith of paternity, believes himself prepared with another *Fidelio* or *Guillaume Tell*, and yet can find no chance of bringing the public to his way of thinking. But, courage! say we; there is as much genius and art required for a symphony or oratorio as for an opera—perhaps even more; and the man who succeeds in the first will hardly fail in the last, whenever the opportunity presents itself.

Music, however, is not a thing that can be advantageously centralised or confined to one district or city of a kingdom. To do its work efficiently, to give all a chance of doing and hearing alike, it must spread, and this in force, over the whole country. What with the two Philharmonic Societies, the three monster gatherings at Exeter Hall, Mr. Hullah's singing-schools, and no end of Cecilian, Seraphic, and Apollonic, and other small fry scattered over the metropolis, London may be considered to be pretty well supplied. When once the "season" sets matters going, the public here may hear, if it chooses, any imaginable quantity of fine music under every conceivable style of performance, according to the price paid for it. To the provinces, however, we look with more anxiety and interest. Throughout the north of England the means of educating the public taste are precious and abundant, yet scarcely more than half developed. To say nothing of the cities, the smaller towns throughout Lancashire and Yorkshire have, almost invariably, their choral societies—each a strong and good phalanx of singers, with, generally and unfortunately, a very indifferent band. In these places Handel and Haydn are known by heart; while Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, are steadily making way with their elder competitors. Here are, then, the elements of a pretty extensive school wherein to train the public mind to a recognition of music under its higher aspects. But we have to complain that these elements are as yet neither sufficiently used, nor sufficiently valued, when called into operation. We would have a choral and instrumental society in every large town in the kingdom. We have would concerts given—not one of those "grand" concerts, consisting wholly of the singing of a few "stars," to the jingling accompaniment of a pianoforte—but concerts in which people like Handel and Mendelssohn might appear, with a goodly staff of choir and orchestra to execute their behests. To be sure, there might be difficulties at first. Doubtless, at the commencement, many things would go considerably awry. There would be voices out of tune, bows unresined, clarinets in difficulties, horns fitter for the hounds than for ears polite, and sackbuts that even Nebuchadnezzar himself might have coveted. But time works wonders; all these roughnesses will wear away. Let it ever be borne in mind that while practice and intelligent direction will at last perfect any performance, an eternity of rehearsals, and Mr. Costa to boot, cannot make bad music into good. It is fashionable to suppose that the parties of foreign artists who periodically

scour the country—doubtless much to their own amusement, and the profit of the speculators who employ them—do good to music in the provinces. Our opinion, however, is very much to the contrary. We cannot see what educative power on public taste can be exercised by these repetitions of thrice-told tales—these re-productions of worn-out Italian cavatinas which must, long ere this, have been ground to death on every boarding-school pianoforte in the kingdom. It may, perhaps, be instructive to hear, *viva voce*, the precise style in which “Com’ e gentil,” or “Io l’udia” should be sung; but we cannot help thinking that any provincial audience would have a much more legitimate occasion for applause if they could boast of a resident choir capable of singing “The people shall hear,” thoroughly in tune—(which, by the way, has never yet been done at Exeter Hall)—or a band which could give some proper account of the *Eroica* symphony. As a matter of amusement, these “touring” parties are well enough; furthermore, they serve to give an idea of refinement in solo performance, which is at all times valuable; but they should be kept strictly subordinate to the progress of music itself.

After all, the strongholds of *large* music in the provinces are the festivals; and these, whether as refuges for the public taste against the deluge of nonsense with which it is assailed, or as opportunities to our composers for the production of important works, should be sustained at every cost of money and influence. It is gratifying to know that, in most cases, this has been, and will be, done; and as gratifying to reflect that wherever there has been a suspension of these triennial celebrations, the cause has been altogether exterior to, and distinct from, public appreciation of their object. At York, at Chester, at Liverpool, the same story is told. The clergy denied the use of their churches to these musical and charitable gatherings; and none of these cities having any fitting music-hall for the purpose, the festivals were necessarily discontinued. To a lay and ordinary apprehension it certainly seems odd that deans and chapters should have such tender consciences in the matter of permitting the receipt of money at their doors for charitable purposes, while it is notorious that they sanction its acceptance by their servants for the meaner purpose of exhibiting their churches. But this is one of those little points which, if unadjusted by capitular discretion, will probably be taken out of their hands by a certain government commission, at present, we suspect, more free than welcome in its dealings with Cathedral affairs. Good, however, may come out of evil. Liverpool has built a magnificent Hall for its festivals—(perhaps, by decent arrangement, it may gain instead of lose five hundred pounds on the next occasion)—Chester is, we hear, about to follow the example, and York may, and ought to do the like.

In all points of view the regularity and efficiency of these country performances, be they festivals, choral concerts, or the like, are of the utmost importance; and should be supported with heart and hand by every one who values the progress of English musical art.

THE Citizens of London have signed a requisition to Mr. G. V. Brooke to play at the City of London Theatre. This is the history of the requisition, as stated in the *Times* advertisement of Thursday:

“Messrs. J. Johnson and Nelson Lee, joint proprietors of the City of London Theatre, being most anxious to provide an entertainment of a superior cast (Query, *kind*—Ed.), wrote to the above

distinguished artiste, expressing a desire to treat with him on terms of *unprecedented liberality* (the italics are ours—Ed.), to which communication they received the following reply:

“3, Marine Terrace,

“Kingstown, Dublin.

“Gentlemen,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your favour, inquiring my terms for a few nights at your theatre, and in reply I beg to state, that I shall embark, in November, for Australia.”

The above paragraph proves, indisputably, Mr. G. V. Brooke’s title to the name of “Irishman.” Messrs. J. Johnson and Nelson Lee write to him in September, offering him an engagement, and he begs to state, in reply, that he shall embark, in November, for Australia. But an Irishman is allowed to speak twice, and so Mr. G. V. Brooke explains. He goes on:—

“Having, for the last thirteen months, been constantly engaged (although, thank God, I never was so well in health as I am at present), I feel I should like a few days on the Continent, and purpose going thither, after the 14th of October, for about three weeks, at the conclusion of my Cambridge engagement, or I should be tempted to visit you, as I have had so many solicitations to do so, and really feel awkward in my incessant refusals; but my every hour that could be rendered available for professional services has been seized upon, and I am at this moment thronged with applications for even a single night in the towns surrounding; but being under contract to sail for Australia, I am reluctantly compelled to decline.

I am, dear Sir,

“Yours very truly,
“G. V. Brooke.”

Messrs. J. Johnson and Nelson Lee, however, were not to be deterred by positive refusals or contracts for Australia. Had Mr. G. V. Brooke been in London, doubtless a deputation would have waited on him to play at the City of London Theatre, as deputations have waited on Lords John Russell and Dudley Stuart to stand for the City of London. The parallel is worthy in every respect. Messrs. J. Johnson and Nelson Lee, sorely disappointed, took counsel from each other, and submitted Mr. G. V. Brooke’s note to “several influential patrons, who had frequently expressed a wish to them to endeavour to obtain the services of *one so celebrated*,” not meaning the note, of course, though the text evidently alludes to it, but Mr. G. V. Brooke himself. Why the influential patrons should prefer seeing Mr. G. V. Brooke at the City of London Theatre to seeing him at Drury Lane, is not easy to surmise.

The next step in this momentous affair was appointing the committee; this was accordingly done. We should like to know exactly of what stuff the committee was made, but their names do not appear. The committee prepared the requisition, and sent it round the neighbourhood to procure signatures; here is a copy of the requisition:—

“CITY OF LONDON, Sept. 1854.

“To Gustavus Vaughan Brooke, Esq., Tragedian, etc.

“DEAR SIR.—Thousands of our fellow-citizens at the east end of this metropolis having, owing to the distance, business hours, and other circumstances, been debarred the pleasure of witnessing your masterly impersonations—but are most desirous to do so—and learning your contemplated journey to Australia, we, the undersigned, are induced to request that you will favour us with that delight and satisfaction at one of our theatres, if only for a few nights.

“We need scarcely add that, should you acquiesce, your visit will not only be highly appreciated, but the histrionic fame you have so nobly won will receive additional lustre, as well as add another proof of the urbanity so identified with your reputation.

“In the hope, therefore, that you will accede, we beg to subscribe ourselves,

“Yours very truly,

Hereafter follow the signatures, amounting to upwards of four hundred names, which, in double rows, occupy one mortal column of the *Times* newspaper. The gentlemen who have subscribed to the requisition are mostly vintners and licensed victuallers—vulgarily called “publicans”—from the neighbourhood and parlieus of Shoreditch, Norton Folgate, Bishopsgate, Hoxton, Dalston, Stepney, and the Commercial-road far as Poplar; drapers and toymen from the Minories; fishmongers from Billingsgate; dairymen from Mile-end; pickle-merchants from Dunning's-alley and Widegate-street; tobacconists from Kingsland-road and the vicinity of Aldgate pump; hatters from London-wall; horse-dealers from Little Britain; with a stray stock-broker from Bartholomew-lane, a silk-merchant from Spitalfields, a Hebrew solicitor from Homerton, and two ladies from Houndsditch—a Mrs. and a Miss—to sweeten the request.

“No method,” declares the advertisement, “could possibly have been adopted more calculated to ascertain the true feelings of the citizens of London; for, in the brief space of four days, the names of the principal *bankers*, merchants, and tradesmen were found attached to the requisition. By “bankers” no doubt the committee intends to convey the betting confraternity.

We are happy to add that the requisition so numerously and illustriously signed has not been without effect. Mr. G. V. Brooke could not resist so powerful an appeal. His answer to the requisition, is as follows:—

“Gentlemen,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the flattering requisition forwarded to me this day from merchants, bankers (!!), and tradesmen of the city of London, to me one of the most gratifying testimonials I have ever received during a most successful professional career (this is the puff-subtle with a vengeance—Ed.), requesting me to forego a visit to the continent, for the purpose of performing a few nights at the City of London Theatre.

“Were I to refuse so marked a token of respect, I should feel myself unworthy the unparalleled (!!!) encouragement (this is the puff preposterous—Ed.) bestowed on my humble efforts in this country. I, therefore, cheerfully relinquish my premeditated trip, and have instructed my agent to close with your liberal offer, and will perform at your establishment for a limited number of nights.

“Yours truly and obliged,

“GUSTAVUS VAUGHAN BROOKE.

“To Messrs. J. Johnson and Nelson Lee, Oct. 9, 1854.”

Mr. G. V. Brooke has an eye to business. Although by no means modest, and never allowing an opportunity of aggrandizing himself to escape him, money appears to be the true object of his desire. He complies cheerfully with the wishes of his bankers, merchants and traders, and condescends to close with the “liberal offer,” etc.? What if Messrs. J. Johnson and Nelson Lee hinted at an abatement of terms? Would the much-sifted actor have responded kindly, or proved restive?

Some men have greatness thrust upon them. Never was there a grander exemplification of this undeniable axiom than Mr. G. V. Brooke. With the most moderate abilities, without one spark of genius, with few stage qualifications, deficient in art, wanting in judgment, feeble in conception, with energy misapplied, and powers misdirected, he has, nevertheless, attained a position on the modern stage beyond that of all his contemporaries, many of whom are infinitely his superiors. Were we called upon to assign to Mr. G. V. Brooke his true theatrical station, without mentioning Mr. Charles Kean, we should place him below Messrs. Phelps and James Anderson, and allow him to stand in the same

rank with Mr. Howe and Mr. Hicks—neither of which actors, we are confident, will feel flattered by the comparison.

Were it worth while to inquire into the causes of the undue prominence into which Mr. G. V. Brooke has been forced, we might point particularly to the system of exorbitant puffing pursued by certain managers of certain theatres, and to the unaccountable support given to the actor by certain journalists. It is easy to understand why managers should endeavour to make a trump card out of a losing one; but by what means Mr. G. V. Brooke, or his *impresario*, could have won over the critics of the press to write him up, in violence to their best convictions, must ever remain a profound secret—except to —.

We have done with the subject. The requisition is a disgrace to all who signed it; or, more properly, it is not a disgrace, seeing that the actor and his subscribers are birds of a feather, and should flock together. Mr. G. V. Brooke and his manager have most cunningly prepared the road to Australia. It is already densely strewn with puffs and hyperboles, which, no doubt, will produce their due effect on Australian audiences. It will be well for Mr. G. V. Brooke if the congregations which flock to him in the Land of Gold will prove as ignorant of everything connected with the art of acting as the visitors to Drury Lane. A few of the *dilettanti* in California would turn the tables on the reputation of Mr. G. V. Brooke.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD AT WIESBADEN.—(From a Correspondent, Oct. 4.)—On Saturday last, an immense fire broke out at the Government-house, Wiesbaden, whereby six unfortunate men, who assisted in endeavouring to extinguish the flames, lost their lives, most of them leaving widows and orphans to deplore their loss. In consequence of this calamity, a concert was proposed on behalf of the sufferers, and Dr. Bögl, president of the Cecilian Society at Wiesbaden, wrote to Miss Arabella Goddard, at Frankfort, where she was then staying, to play at the concert. The fair pianist signified her assent at once, and the benefit came off on Monday. Miss Goddard's first piece was Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor. When she entered the room and seated herself at the piano, there was literally not one hand of welcome held out to her. The audience either never heard of Miss Arabella Goddard, or put no faith in the reports circulated about her. Nevertheless, the artist did not seem to lose heart. It may be, that pique steeled her, and enabled her more to do her best than if she had met with the most flattering reception. Miss Goddard took the most signal revenge she could have taken for the cold welcome she got. At the end of the concert—which had been listened to throughout with rapt attention—a burst of applause broke from the audience, who continued cheering the pianist for nearly a minute. At her return to the piano, to perform the second piece, she was received with a perfect *furore*, unmistakably demonstrating the real impression she had made. She was encored in Weber's “Invitation to the waltz,” when she played Mayer's “La Fontaine,” and left the room amidst a storm of applause. No success was ever more sudden and more decided than that of Miss Arabella Goddard at her first concert at Wiesbaden. But the sensation Miss Goddard created did not rest in the concert-room. About forty choristers of the Cecilian Society proceeded with lighted candles in their hands from the concert-room to the hotel, where Miss Goddard was staying, and serenaded her for nearly an hour. This is a compliment which I understand never was paid to an artist before in Wiesbaden. I am pleased to add—which is the gist of my notice—that the receipts of the concert were excellent, and that the poor sufferers reaped a harvest.

MR. WRIGHT.—This favourite comedian joined the Haymarket troupe on Monday night, and appeared in *Paul Pry*. He has also played during the week in *Sweethearts and Wives*.

REVIEWS.

"ENGLAND AND VICTORY"—National Song—Words by Desmond Ryan—Music by Frank Mori. (Cramer, Beale and Co.)

THIS song has lately been sung in the provinces by Mr. Sims Reeves with unparalleled effect. Indeed, on every occasion it has produced a perfect *furore*, and at Lincoln and Boston, more especially, the enthusiasm ran to such a height, that the audience were quite beside themselves. Mr. Sims Reeves' singing is pronounced "electrical." The melody is broad and striking, has a decided national flavour, and cannot escape the dullest ear. To hear it once is to remember it for ever. It is in the key of D, common time; *tempo, allegro marziale*. The accompaniments for the pianoforte, though skilful and musicianlike, are by no means puzzling. In short, "England and Victory" is a genuine inspiration, and cannot fail to become one of the most popular of the popular Frank Mori's ballads. Of the words we shall say nothing, but quote them, and allow the reader to adjudicate as to their merit or demerits.

On the Danube's banks
Swell the northern ranks,
And flames the sword afar;
But the Moslem might
Scarses the Muscovite
In his ruthless deeds of war!
Soon Freedom, at Honour's call,
Shall make oppression flee;
And Glory shall hallow all
Who strike for Liberty.
In peace or war
Who heeds the Czar,
While France is our ally?
Let's on and sound the battle cry,
"For England and victory!"

Give our hearts and hands
To the gallant bands
Who join us in the cause,
To protect the brave
Who their homes would save,
Their country, creed, and laws.
The tyrant may mock at fears,
And scorn a people's right;
But orphans' and widows' tears
His slumbers shall affright.
By sea and land,
At Heaven's command,
We come—fly, Russia, fly!
Let's on and sound the battle-cry,
"For England and victory!"

DRAMATIC.

PRINCESS'S.—This theatre re-opened for the season on Monday night with two new pieces—a comedietta in one act, *Living Too Fast; or, A Twelvemonth's Honeymoon*; and an original drama in three acts, by Mr. Douglas Jerrold, called *A Heart of Gold*.

The one-act piece is a very plain affair; but, relating to a home truth, and being simply told and capitally acted, it passed off with entire success. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Prudent are a young married couple, who have gone so far beyond their means of living in a few months as to be reduced to the brink of ruin. Mr. Cotton, a wealthy Manchester manufacturer, and uncle to Mrs. Charles Prudent, has learned of the extravagance of the pair, and, coming to London, calls upon them, and pretends that he has met with severe losses, and that he requires immediately seven hundred pounds, which he demands as a loan from Mr. Prudent. This demand comes most unseasonably, since, at that moment, Mr. Prudent was about to ask Mr. Cotton for a loan. Mr. Prudent, however, with the consent of his wife, determines to sell his house, furniture, fixtures, etc., to relieve his uncle's necessities; whereupon the uncle, touched with the generosity and disinterestedness of the offer, declares his embarrassment was only a pretence, and assumed to teach the young married couple a lesson in economy; and, with a hope that they will do better for the future, gives them money to pay their

debts, and enables them to begin the world again. The episode of the attempt of the Hon. Captain Craven Plausible on Mrs. Prudent's virtue is feeble, and was not wanted. Nothing could be better than the acting of Mr. Walter Lacy and Miss Murray as Mr. and Mrs. Prudent; and certainly to their individual exertions was mainly attributable the success of the little drama. At the fall of the curtain loud applause ensued, and continued until Mr. Walter Lacy and Miss Murray appeared. *Living Too Fast; or, A Twelvemonth's Honeymoon*, has been repeated during the week.

The *Heart of Gold* is written in Mr. Douglas Jerrold's happiest vein; and, although deficient on the whole in construction and characterization, is so full of poetry, so rich in wit, so highly dramatic, and so irresistible in humour, that it becomes an impossibility to peck at faults, and we think only of its excellencies. The story is original and thoroughly English. Mr. Douglas Jerrold is one of our very few dramatic writers who disdain borrowing from the French or German, or to owe their invention to any foreign source. His subjects are all his own—or his country's—good, bad, and indifferent; and he would rather be indebted for the origin of his story to a common broadside ballad, or an old crone's fire-side narrative, than to the most thrilling romance of Alexandre Dumas, or the brightest creations of Eugène Sue, or Scribe. The *Heart of Gold* is a genuine English drama, and has the pure native flavour about it, like Bishop's music. Its success, on Monday night, was never one moment in doubt. Though one or two of the scenes evidently did not please the audience; though an occasional prolixity in the serious parts of the piece was manifested; though, at times, the progress of the story was not clearly made out; yet the pungency of the dialogue, its point, sparkle and brilliancy; the quaintness of the humour; the home-thrusts at human foibles; and the fine and healthy sentiment that runs through the play like a thread of gold winding through frieze cloth, appealed irresistibly to the heart, took judgment by surprise, and left no room for animadversion.

The story of *A Heart of Gold* can, with difficulty, be made apparent to the reader. On the stage it is not satisfactory; nor can the spectators be persuaded to what purpose the author has always made up his mind. The scene is laid in 1750. The first act takes place in London at an inn, yclept "The Bear." John Dymond (Mr. Ryder), a wealthy yeoman in the country, has fallen in love with Maude Nutbrown (Miss Heath), who does not reciprocate his passion, but loves Pierce Thanet (Mr. J. F. Cathcart), a younger, and, as, it would seem, a better-favoured lover, whose father was friend from boyhood to John Dymond himself. Dymond is passionately attached to Maude, and her rejection of him drives him to absolute distraction. He arrives at the inn in almost a dying state, and learning that Maude has arrived from the country with her father, determines to tempt her with gold and jewels, since other means are of no avail. Maude rejects his offer, and declares her affections are wedded to another. This blow is too great for Dymond. He feels he is dying, and sends for Pierce Thanet, the son of his boyhood's friend. In presence of Maude and her father, the landlady of the inn, the tapster, the housemaid, and his own steward, he bequeaths all his wealth, amounting to one thousand pounds, contained in a box, to Pierce. He orders him to place his hand on the box, and earnestly and solemnly he prays him to hold fast by its contents, to make it his only friend, to trust his all in life to it, and make it his very heart's idolatry. Strange advice, when it is considered how valueless and worthless gold had so lately proved to himself, when he tempted Maude with it! Too truly does Pierce follow Dymond's counsel, as we shall presently find. The act closes with the seeming death scene of John Dymond. But John Dymond is not dead; he has only been in a trance, and has quietly, and unknown to any one, come to life again—unknown to any one, save Molly Dindle (Miss Murray), the housemaid of the Bear Inn, who accompanies him into the country, whither he goes again in search of Maude. He little guesses the surprise that awaits him. His first sight of Maude is finding her in the arms of Pierce Thanet, to whom she is just about to be married. The surprise of Maude and Pierce is even greater than that of Dymond. They seem to look upon a ghost come back from the

grave. Stung to madness, Dymond, when left alone with Pierce, taunts him with his standing between him and happiness, and demands the surrender of his thousand pounds. Pierce refuses, and flings his own counsel in the teeth of Dymond, to which Dymond has nothing to respond. When about to be married, Maude learns that Pierce had refused to return the money bestowed on him by Dymond, and, in a fit of virtuous indignation, spurns Pierce, and proffers her hand to Dymond, which he receives with ecstatic delight; and so ends act the second. Now, those who are interested in the drama, must doubtless be gratified with the termination of this act; since it cannot be denied that Pierce Thanet has acted most scurvyly in denying his benefactor his own gold, merely on the grounds that he himself had advised him to hold it as the apple of his eye. Pierce, in fact, looks very like a swindler in the eyes of those who have been watching his progress on the stage; and who must feel surprised, not to say indignant, when they find the author attempting to bring him out of the ordeal with flying colours, and making him at last his hero. This is a violation not to be endured; and few of the audience, we are convinced, rise from their seats satisfied that Maude is bestowed upon Pierce Thanet, and that poor John Dymond—the real heart of gold—is again sent back to, this time, a living grave. If anything could reconcile the spectator to this violent disposal, it would be the appearance of Mr. Ryder, which, gaunt, strange, and graceless, is singularly unsuited to that of a lover. Indeed, we feel assured, that many who would have showered indiscriminate censure on the head of Mr. Douglas Jerrold for his undue preference of Pierce Thanet, departed pleased that so sweet a thing as Maude was not given to such an unlovable creature as John Dymond. And so felt we ourselves. The acting of Miss Heath and Miss Murray was excellent. From the lips of the latter not one tittle of the point in the dialogue was lost; she literally spoke it in italics. Mr. Fisher's comedy is heavy; and the acting of Mr. Ryder has the serious drawback of being anti-pathetic. Mr. Addison secured applause in the part of Old Nut-brown.

OLYMPIC.—This theatre opened for the winter season on Monday, with three of the stock pieces. Mr. Robson played in *Hush Money* and *Perfect Confidence*, and achieved his usual brilliant success.

SURREY.—On Monday, the dramatic and winter season commenced with a new drama, in four acts, entitled *The Avalanche*. In the first act, which is introductory, we behold Francois Marcel (Mr. Creswick), a young mountaineer of the Alps, who, in conducting a French officer across the mountains, is overwhelmed by an avalanche, leaving a wife and infant daughter to lament his loss. Eighteen years elapse, and Francois' widow is married to Count Vincenzo, an intriguing politician and refined villain, who has not scrupled to farther his interests by secret murder. Francois' daughter, now grown up, is attached to a young French officer; but her father-in-law designs her for another. To avoid the match, she elopes, is pursued by a coachman, who is no other than Francois, her father, who, having escaped from his danger in the mountains, has become, along with an old comrade, Pierre (Mr. Widdicombe), a wanderer for subsistence. An *éclaircissement*, of course, takes place. The Count, discovering Marcel with his wife, is about to have him violently ejected from his house, when he is shot in a scuffle with Pierre, and Francois is restored to his wife and daughter.

The drama, in its main incident, resembles one (taken from a French piece) produced here a year or two ago. The introductory portion hangs fire, and might, by means of a little narrative dialogue, have been omitted altogether. The fall of the avalanche is a failure. The interest, however, when it begins, is well maintained to the end, and the piece, aided by Messrs. Creswick, Widdicombe, and the youthful and promising Clara Grosvenor, was decidedly successful. There is some excellent scenery. The count's conservatory is unique in design and execution.

The drama was followed by another new piece, called *The Magic of Life*, taken from a novel of Paul de Kock. A lady of rank and fortune becomes attached to a man in humble life, through having received from him an act of generosity and courage.

Having gained his affections in return, she finally bestows her hand upon him. The young mechanic, by the refining process of the lady's affections, becomes a gentleman in habits and manners. The subject, though old, is inexhaustible. In the present case, the weight of the business falls almost exclusively on Mr. Shepherd (the lover). Mr. Widdicombe, as a dancing-master, is as amusing as ever as the lively caricaturist; with the other characters but little is done by the author. Among the new faces here, we were glad to see Miss Emily Sanders, an actress of genuine native humour.

STRAND.—The performers here change as often as the moon. This week we have had Mr. G. Honey, who has been eliciting his usual amount of fun as Bowbell, in the *Illustrious Stranger*. Then, Miss Rebecca Isaacs has returned to her post, to which, of course, she was heartily welcomed; but as she has, as yet, played only in the well-known little vaudeville, *'Twas I*, we must reserve further comment until we have seen more of her. The house has been well attended. Since writing the above, another popular favourite has re-appeared in the person of Miss Marshall, who, on Thursday, attracted a crowded audience to witness her fun and humour in *The Unprotected Female*.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

M. VOGT, THE ORGANIST.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Gloucester, Oct. 12th.

SIR.—A paragraph having appeared some two or three years ago in your journal, announcing the death of M. Vogt, the organist of St. Nicholas's Church, Freiburg, Switzerland, I think the same authority which gave circulation to the statement should correct it, being one which may have an injurious influence on a highly respected man and deserving artist, and possibly to the town in which he resides.

When at Freiburg, about three weeks since, I was happy to find that M. Vogt is still living there, in excellent health, and that he continues to exhibit to strangers and all amateurs of the organ, the extraordinary powers of Mooser's famous instrument, of which he is so complete a master. To foreigners he is most affable and obliging, and ready to afford every information respecting the noble instrument of which he is justly proud, however much more recent works may have surpassed it in magnitude.

I am, Sir, yours obediently, A. P.

P.S. Aloys Mooser, the builder, died about seven years ago; this may, perhaps, have occasioned the error.

THE HARMONIC UNION.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—Since reading your article on the Harmonic Union, which appeared in the number dated August 26th, I have been apprehensive that something was really wrong in the working of the Society, and I had determined to avail myself of every opportunity to discover, by all prudent observations, what the real state of the case was. I should, perhaps, have discovered, long ere this, by my attendance at the rehearsals, but found, that when the rehearsal was advertised, and the chorus met to rehearse, there was no one to conduct, consequently my fears were confirmed that great doubt existed about the Society's future operations, and more so, when I read in the *Athenaeum* of Saturday last, a note from a correspondent, saying:—"The future existence of the Harmonic Union as a Society is now very doubtful, and I have come to this conclusion from the fact, that two-thirds of the directors, together with the superintendents of the different departments, have resolved to discontinue their services in connexion with the Harmonic Union, and join the New Philharmonic Society, taking with them the whole of their friends. One of the principal reasons which induced the gentlemen to resign their different offices was the great improbability of Mr. Benedict again accepting the office of conductor." I then determined further to inquire into the facts of the case by going to the office, 5, Exeter Hall, which I found was closed, but a notice was on the board to the effect that there would be a rehearsal on Tuesday October 10th, which rehearsal I attended, when an announcement was made by the honorary secretary, Mr. Lias, junior, to the effect that subscriptions would be received in the office, and the chorus, as a body, were urged to join the Society as subscribers, and, if they could not afford the sum of one guinea, they should be received as "complimentary subscribers."

for the sum of ten shillings and sixpence. It was also stated "that there were four or six gentlemen who did not mind losing the sum of twenty pounds each, if the chorus would support them in the manner proposed. The question was then asked by a gentleman in the tenor department, whether or no Mr. Benedict would be the conductor? The answer given was, "I am not in a position to answer that question, as all the officers are chosen annually, and the conductor being one of the officers of the Society, that officer would be elected by the board" (which I suppose to mean the four or six gentlemen spoken of). Now, I can clearly see that it is a matter of the greatest uncertainty respecting Mr. Benedict's future connection with the Society; and I think it is but an act of justice to the members of the chorus, who are all so much attached to Mr. Benedict, that it should be immediately known whether or no it is his intention to again accept the office of conductor to the Harmonic Union, that they, with the public, may know the exact state of things before they tender their subscriptions. For my own part, I think the effort to carry on the concerts of the Society without Mr. Benedict would be utterly hopeless, and I am sure, from what I know of the general feeling among the chorus, that it will be impossible to keep them together without that gentleman as their conductor. I shall hope, if you will favour me with the insertion of this letter, that something may be brought to light respecting the present position and future prospects of the Harmonic Union, and if they are as I have every reason to fear, I shall follow my much respected superintendant, and enrol my name on the list of subscribers to the New Philharmonic Society.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

ONE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE CHORUS.

October 12th, 1854.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE NOSE IN CONNEXION WITH THE PRACTICE OF SINGING, AND PLAYING WIND INSTRUMENTS.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

Sir.—The importance of a thorough mastery in the art of taking breath, not only with regard to singing and playing wind instruments, but also in speaking, as far as is conducive to health, is a subject entirely worthy of notice. In the acquirement of this art, I would ask, is sufficient importance attached to that honourable appendage, "the nose?" or rather has there been any understanding respecting it? for I believe the generality of singers and wind-instrument performers inspire and expire through the *mouth*. If this be true, can as much be said in favour of the mouth in the operation of breathing as it can of the nose? The art of taking breath is more important than is generally thought, for apart from its being the foundation-stone of singing, and playing wind instruments, and obtaining a distinct pronunciation in speaking, it is also highly beneficial to health. Dr. J. J. Garth Wilkinson, in his work on "The Human Body," says, "The nose is the real opening into the lungs, for it is always open for breath. We can breath by the mouth, but it is not the proper organ of breathing. The nose is the true representative of the door of life, for life is breath, or a habit of breathing. The ears may be shut, and the eyes may be shut, but the door of life must ever be open, whether we sleep or wake. It is not the lungs of man alone that breathe; the whole body breathes along with them. The brain breathes at every inspiration; that is to say, it heaves—it rises and falls with the inspiration and expiration of air. Motion is thus communicated to it, and every other part of the body moves in a similar manner. Nor is it motion only that is communicated to the body. It really breathes; it drinks in the fragrance of the air that enters the lungs. It is that finer air that purifies the blood in the air-cells* of the lungs, and the whole blood of the human body makes the entire circuit of the veins and arteries in two minutes, or three at most."

By exercising the respiration in holding notes, the chest becomes expanded, and that it is greatly affected is evident from the pain which is there felt after a lengthened exercise. This seems to prove that simple as it may appear to "take breath," it cannot be fully and freely performed unless well and carefully practised. As "life is breath," it is therefore difficult to understand how singing or playing a wind instrument can be injurious, when the practice of either has a direct tendency to improve this principle of life.

By inspiring through the nose, health can be taken in in much less time than it can through the mouth; this is, perhaps, owing to there being two openings in the nose to breathe through which open into

the windpipe. Besides the advantage of taking a full breath almost instantaneously, the mouth and throat are not then likely to become dry by the passage of the breath.

Much is written in works on singing, on the "cultivation of the voice," the "Italian method of vocalising," etc., etc. It is, perhaps, better to state at once, and in distinct terms, *what* is to be practised, or, in other words, to give "the golden rule" for maturing the voice, viz., *sustained notes*. This exercise gives freedom of respiration, firmness of voice, correct intonation, and flexibility to "a cartilaginous box, curiously constructed and fitted with muscles for producing sound; it is called the larynx."

In practising the flute, oboe, clarinet, and bassoon, sustained notes, besides opening the chest and giving a *freer* respiration than would result from any other method of practice, forms the *embouchure*, by drawing into action the muscles of the neck and face, which cause a pressure of the interior or soft parts of the mouth and lips, and the fingers, by remaining firmly pressed in the different positions, gain an elasticity which *insures* the execution, and gives an energetic and steady hold of the instrument.

On stringed instruments, as the violin, tenor, and bass, sustained notes give the command of the bow, and a firmness and *certainty* in all the various positions of the hand on the finger-board.

On the pianoforte, tone is improved by *slow practice*, and by attention to the weak fingers having an equal pressure with the strong.

Singers and instrumentalists alike should *never forget* that Mozart, when asked respecting some singers whom he heard for the first time perform his music, replied, "They cannot sustain a note."

When at Naples, I was informed that singers at the Conservatorio are kept for the first six months entirely at the sustained notes. I cannot vouch for the fact, but it must be confessed, that however agreeable such a practice may be, it is a *very good* foundation. There are many, I believe, who think this all-important exercise may be entirely discontinued as soon as they begin songs, etc. Nothing can be more fatal to a *great and permanent success*. Many instances could be given of eminent singers who, it is said, *never neglected the practice of the scales*. The most remarkable I can call to mind are Braham and Sontag—Braham, having preserved his voice longer than any singer on record, and Sontag having reappeared as a *brilliant* star after a retirement of *twenty years*. A friend of mine, who had known Sontag when previously in England, informed me that shortly before her re-appearance he met her at a party at Frankfort, and being astonished, as he said, to find her powers undiminished after an absence from the public of twenty years, which led him to expect to hear something *passé*, he asked her how it was that she had, after so long a retirement, preserved the full power of her voice, to which she replied that she had *never omitted to practise the scales*.

It may, perhaps, be a further encouragement to persevere in, and *almost to continue*, this most necessary of all exercises, to know something of the practice of the greatest wonder of all instrumentalists. At the time Paganini was playing at his concerts at Covent Garden Theatre, I called on him to accompany him to one of the concerts, and heard him practising just before going to the theatre. After going over parts of the pieces he was to perform, and some detached passages, he played for some time, *legato* and moderately quick, the chromatic scale, and then he commenced holding notes on the fourth string, each note of which approached to roughness. My father had previously heard him practise and perform the *same exercise*, which he termed "roaring like a lion," and which, he told me, Paganini called "taming his instrument."

As I have here given *such an example* of "roaring," it is necessary to impress upon those who may be desirous of cultivating and maturing their voice or tone, that, at first, there must be *so effort to increase the note*—they have simply to hold the notes firmly and steadily, and as long as possible, after carefully and deliberately taking breath; but this must not be done in excess, which would prevent the freedom of action of the lungs while sustaining each note; and, finally, the student will do well sometimes to *rest*, for to overwork either the voice or the tone is very hurtful. In confirmation of this, it may be stated that, when Jenny Lind was thirteen years of age, she lost the quality of her voice, but yet unremittingly pursued her practice. Garcia, on hearing her, addressed her in the following terms, "My dear child, you have no voice, or, rather, you have one you labour with your whole strength to ruin. Perhaps you sang when too young, for your voice is fatigued, or, rather, used up. My only recommendation at present is, that you do not articulate a note for three months. You will then call again upon me." At the expiration of that period, Garcia commenced giving her lessons. The rest is well known.—Yours ever,

"IL FLAUTO MAGICO."

* It is said, in Dr. Carpenter's "Physiology," that the air-cells in the lungs amount to about six hundred millions.

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